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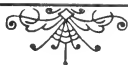
—BY—

Jasper T. Darling

Delivered at

Springfield, Illinois, on Memorial Day, 1912,

Under auspices of the G. A. R.



“And you shall know the truth,
and the truth shall make you free.”

Address by J. T. Darling

Comrade Chairman, Soldiers of Abraham Lincoln, Ladies of Associate Organizations and Fellow Citizens of Illinois:

There is no place more sacred, where lovers of liberty turn their gaze or wend their way, than is this shrine around which we have assembled.

He, who slumbers here, bore the cross of civilization to its loftiest height and there consecrated it with his own life's blood.

The lessons taught by Abraham Lincoln, and the sublime example of those who sustained him throughout the years, will endure as long as the spirit of free government endures.

Abraham Lincoln regarded man as the noblest gift of an immortal creation, and his life teaches us that justice, integrity and mercy should mark his every deed.

It was his resolve to live only in the sunlit zone of absolute truth; he abhorred the darkness, and he refused to walk in the twilight of questionable things.

His wisdom, his far-seeing vision and his great integrity enabled him to advance even to the vanguard among the world's foremost leaders, doing his duty as God had given him to see it.

He was elected to the presidency of the United States; but long before he was to take the oath of office and assume the reins of power, disintegration of the republic had already begun.

All Lost Without the Union.

Lincoln knew, as did others, without the Union all was lost, and that, to save it, he must receive the approval and support of all who believed in the principles of a people's government.

He realized that no progress could be made without encountering grave difficulties at every step.

He placed his heart close to the people; he held the confidence of all alike—those who agreed with him and those who disagreed.

He succeeded; he solved great problems; he became a mighty power, because the torch that guided his footsteps and lighted his way was the torch of everlasting truth.

He became the cross-bearer of his people; he became the object of their deepest love.

Abraham Lincoln, whose buckler was of righteousness, became the master

builder of the ages. His workmen were "The Boys in Blue."

The wisdom of his soul conceived, the fearlessness of his heart prepared the way, and the fidelity of his hand pointed the course by which, under the genius of his brave leaders and the heroism of his vast armies, this republic was saved from the drawn sword, uplifted and resolved to strike it down.

He took a land whose skies were dark with human bondage; he left it a nation blessed with liberty and peace.

With all his masterful strength he grasped the flag as it was falling prone and powerless upon the earth.

He gazed upon it; he saw its stars growing dim, its stripes tattered, its blue field torn. He saw vengeful hands rending it in twain.

He unfurled it; he held it fast; he lifted it toward the sky.

Only darkness met his gaze.

He stretched his strong arms higher, holding it far above. It pierced the clouds. He saw them part. He beheld a burst of sunlight; then a traitor's blow, and his brave eyes closed forever.

Set Millions Free By Pen-Stroke.

But on high, and written all over its immortal folds, Justice, dipping her pen in his out-pouring blood, wrote, in letters that will never fade, Liberty-Lincoln.

My fellow countrymen, it is well that we assemble here. It is well that we recall these memories, that we may receive new inspiration thereby.

Almost a century has sped away since the Liberty Bell tolled for the last of "the fathers." And bye and bye, as the plumes nod and the hearse moves slow, the last survivor of those great armies, whose tread once shook the earth, will have crossed to the other side.

Then other generations will come here and gaze at this monument which must ever remain, not only as a proud memorial to Abraham Lincoln, but also as an immortal tribute to liberty's triumph over the grave.

These scenes represented here will endure to tell of the days when the bitter cup was pressed to the Nation's lips—when it was drained to the last dregs—when bleeding hearts looked up

to God crying aloud, even as did Rachel of old, "How long! Oh, Lord, how long!"

When all discord shall have ceased—when the last faint echoes can be heard only in the far distance—then the eyes of all mankind will look this way, and prayers will go up to God in thanksgiving and praise that He gave to the world an Abraham Lincoln and the loyal hosts who rallied and toiled, who marched and fought, who suffered and died that this republic might become free and her flag be made stainless.

It matters not how humble the part taken by any one of us who participated in those dark years when Abraham Lincoln stood forth the most heroic figure, we all can look back and glance over the field in proud contemplation.

The statesmanship of Mr. Lincoln, the genius of Grant, the heroism of Thomas and of Sherman, the dash and daring of Sheridan, of Logan and the legions who gathered about them during those mighty years, cannot be well and worthily considered unless we contemplate some of the difficulties encountered at the beginning—difficulties which seemed almost impossible to overcome.

The president who last preceded Mr. Lincoln was James Buchanan—a man who was completely warped to the will of the then dominant south.

The "Dred Scott" Decree.

Immediately following the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney of the supreme court handed down what is historically known as the "Dred Scott" decree—a decree upholding the right of ownership wherever the master might see fit to take his slaves.

This decree showed plainly that the leaders of that institution had reached and polluted the fountain of federal justice.

Mr. Lincoln characterized that decree as iniquitous. He saw its far reaching effect. He realized, unless that decree should be nullified, slavery would expand and grow, and, at last, govern the whole Nation—north as well as south.

The slave powers resolved that the "Taney Decree" must stand.

Their bolder advocates said that slavery was a "divine institution" and that it must have the right of "eminent domain."

Mr. Lincoln said he would preserve the Union with or without slavery; that, if slavery was to endure, the institution must be confined to its legitimate domain.

The slave powers said, "No! Before we will submit to such dictation we will destroy the Union."

And so the wrath of slavery, like a slumbering volcano, was destined to break forth and envelop this fair land in the raging furies of civil war.

The great people of the north were loath to believe; they could not understand why, in the midst of such prosperity—such blessings of good government, any portion of the people should desire to break it up; but, while the industrial and law-abiding people of the north were bending all their efforts in the paths of peace and good will, developing their lands and manufacturing through the energy of well-paid toil, those resolved to destroy the Union went on unchecked with their insidious work.

South Well Prepared For War.

During the four years of the Buchanan subservency to slave-power rule, a majority of his cabinet, being members of the cabal, were preparing for war. Ships, commanded by slavery-sympathizers, were sent to southern ports ready to be surrendered at the opportune time.

Military supplies, arms and all munitions of war were sent south, and the same may be said of the treasury; southern vaults became storehouses of silver and gold.

Such were the conditions confronting the north when Mr. Lincoln was elected to lead the Nation.

But it yet lacked four months before the date of his inauguration—four months during which time the conspirators completed their plans for the breaking up of the Union—four months, when they were to strike the deadly blow.

It is well—it is imperative—that we review these things, not to engender discord, not to disturb harmony, but to preserve and protect the truth.

The good book says "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

In accordance with those teachings, and in the spirit of him who said, "With malice toward none; with charity for all, with firmness for the right as God gives us to see the right," let us, standing before this majestic monument builded to his name, these heroic figures—all testifying, in silent eloquence, to the story of the great and immortal past—let us, in this presence, hearken back, that we may hear some of the things which he heard, that we may feel some of the emotions that struggled at his heartstrings and wrenched his soul with pain.

Lincoln's Farewell Words in Springfield

On the 11th day of February, fifty-one years ago, with his family about him, Mr. Lincoln began his journey to the east.

A large multitude of his neighbors

and friends, from far and near, assembled to say farewell.

His words on that day are familiar to you all; I will repeat but one or two paragraphs.

His heart was heavy; his mind was burdened with anxiety and care.

You will recall how he said: "No one, not in my position, can realize the sadness I feel at this parting.

"I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington."

O, "the task"—"the task" of which he so anxiously spoke!

Looking down the long vista could he see a vast stage strewn with the wreck of war's desolation?

Could he see winding rivers running red—fair fields torn and trembling—silent forms and pale faces—trickling pools of crimson everywhere—the price—the penalty?

Continuing, he said: "I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

And did he catch a vision—a gleam of light beyond? And could he read those immortal words set to the music of destiny?

"Lift up your eyes, desponding free-men,

Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurled your beauteous banner

Says it shall wave a thousand years.

A thousand years, my own Columbia,

'Tis the glad day so long foretold,

'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight

Washington saw in times of old."

He hurried to the east, reaching Philadelphia on the anniversary day of Washington's birth.

Lincoln's Speech at Independence Hall.

He stood before that historic hall, in whose tower the "Liberty Bell" rang out on that joyous July day, 1776, proclaiming Freedom and America's Independence.

With a vast audience gathered about him, Mr. Lincoln spoke. Among other words these were:

"In my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

"I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of the Almighty God, to die by."

Do we ever pause and ask the reason why Mr. Lincoln spoke so seriously about war and bloodshed, and, possibly, his own death, that day?

Do we ask ourselves why such ghostly visions rose up before him?

Let us reflect for a moment. Let us hearken to what he heard.

Jefferson Davis' Words at Stevenson.

Another man was journeying to another metropolis—a hastily prepared seat of government.

Passing southward from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, he spoke at many places.

At Stevenson, Ala., he said:

"Your border states will gladly come into the Southern Confederacy within sixty days, as we will be their only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in northern cities where pavements have been worn off by the tread of commerce. We will carry war where it is easy to advance—where food for the sword and torch await our armies in densely populated cities."

These declarations were from the lips of Jefferson Davis.

"We will carry war where food for the sword and torch await our armies in densely populated cities."

Can mortal man contemplate the emotions which were tearing the heart-strings of Abraham Lincoln that day?

"Food for the sword" meant human flesh and blood.

"Food for the torch" meant homes burning, hearthstones laid waste.

Davis' Words Burn Lincoln's Soul.

These declarations by Davis were but three days old; they were freshly stamped on the mind of Lincoln. They were burning deep into his soul.

Then—then—he was enabled to see how deadly the storm, ready to leap into battle flames at the touch of a single hand.

Like a dream of horror, visions of death and desolation rose up before him. He knew they were well prepared. Though dark the hour, his courage wavered not.

Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington several days in advance of the inauguration. During that time he listened to some of the utterances by retiring senators—those who were resolved to precipitate war.

To me it has always been a cause of great wonderment how Mr. Lincoln could maintain so calm a spirit in the face of all the challenges hurled against the government then tottering to its fall.

Challenge of Southern Senators.

From the senate, during its expiring

days, he heard many warlike declarations, among them these words:

"Your flag has been insulted; redress it if you dare! You have submitted to it for two months and you will submit forever. You tell us you will keep us in the Union. Try the experiment—try the experiment." This was from Senator Wigfall of Texas.

Iverson of Georgia, in a burst of passion, exclaimed: "We will welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

Through it all Mr. Lincoln remained calm, unimpassioned, yet resolute.

He had a singleness of purpose in view—he must save the Union.

By a fair and just obedience to the law, as laid down by "the fathers," Mr. Lincoln saw in this government the hope of humanity—the light of the world.

March 4th was at hand; it found him ready for the great and heroic task that lay before him.

It must be remembered that Washington, in those days, was the pivotal point from which all schemes for destroying the Union sprang.

Lincoln's Great Hour at Hand.

The alert mind of Mr. Lincoln at once came to his aid.

He looked around; he saw enemies on every hand. He listened; only threats greeted his ears.

He gazed southward; he saw only dark clouds; he heard the rumbling of a storm almost at hand.

He saw men in uniform—trusted men—men who had been educated at the expense of the government—men who had taken a solemn oath that they would defend that government from all enemies, domestic as well as foreign—he saw them turn away without even the formality of a resignation, deserting the flag under which they had fought, forgetting oath, honor and renown earned under the Stars and Stripes.

He saw them going toward the south.

The great hour was at hand when he was to take the oath—when he was to step upon the stage and assume the grave responsibilities.

To be sure, it was the same oath taken by General Washington just seventy years before; but Washington was called upon to take that oath when the war clouds had cleared away—when battlefields were but memories.

To be sure, fifteen American citizens, illustrious and renowned and noted for their loyalty and their devotion, had taken the same oath, but over none of them had hovered the spectral figure of impending war.

Lincoln's Mind Turns Toward Davis.

Mr. Lincoln was to take the same

oath that Jefferson Davis would have been required to take had he succeeded to the presidency in the years before; for he had contended with all his power for the coveted prize.

Disappointed in his great ambition, he had resolved to disrupt the Union that he might become the ruler of an empire—an empire where "cotton should be king"—and whose fields, stretching away from the Rockies to the sea, must forever echo with clanking chains.

And this was the man—Jefferson Davis—with a few others, whose war-declaring words were still ringing in his ears, toward whom Mr. Lincoln's mind turned that day.

Without wavering he stepped upon the stage ready to grasp the reins of government. Without fear or faltering, he clearly defined his views of the constitution and the sacredness of the oath he was about to take.

As his deeply impressive address drew to its close, he said:

Lincoln's First Inaugural Address.

"My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

"Intelligence, patriotism (mark you, my friends, he said, "patriotism", remember the significance of that word in this great appeal.) Patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend it.'

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The South Heeds Not Lincoln.

Were sublimer words ever spoken since the days of the Nazarene?

Were more Christian-like sentiments ever uttered since the Son of God walked the earth?

Like a passionate lover Abraham

Lincoln looked longingly toward the south.

In meekness he spoke; in humility and sincerity he appealed; and yet, on that momentous day, he rose up in the might of his majestic power, a veritable tribune of strength—a herald of right and a teacher of eternal justice.

And the militant south, listening, heard; looking, beheld; but she heeded not; she was prepared; she craved war.

Jefferson Davis had resolved to ride on the crest of the waves and direct the storm.

Lincoln's the Master Brain.

Thus it was decreed that the master-brain of Abraham Lincoln must devise the means, and that the fortitude and fidelity of his armies must forge new bonds, bearing them onward, yet onward, until, at last, they should reach around a solid union of States, binding all into one Nation, firm and indestructible forever.

But, O, the cost! The cost! Only those who saw and suffered can ever know.

"What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope."

None but those who heard the trumpet-calls, who gathered around the watch-fires, who "read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel," who gazed upon the vintage trampled out "where the grapes of wrath were stored"—they, and they alone, were permitted to know.

Twice a thousand fields echoed from the storms of war. Twice a thousand fields wrote realism into the poet-lines:

"The rock-ribbed ledges drip with a horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is asked her,
answers: 'Death!'"

What "anchors of hope" were pounded out anew at Donelson!

"In what a forge and what a heat" was Shiloh!

And what of Antietam?
She stood trembling and "dripping with a horror of blood."

And Fredericksburg! What message could she give?

Her fire-swept fields, red with gore, were lost to fame.

"What anvils rang, what hammers beat" against the battlements at Vicksburg, until victory came and the Mississippi flowed unvexed to the sea!

And Gettysburg, great in her day of glory! Gettysburg—the high tribunal of the civil war.

God was there. "He was sifting out

the hearts of men before his judgment seat."

O, Gettysburg! Against thy brave heights rebellion surged, and broke in bloody foam, sank back, and faded from Liberty's soil forever.

And then from the mountain-tops of Lookout and Kenesaw there came a trumpet-deal, saying, "Come; Come"—we have unlocked the gateway; let us go onward—fighting onward—in triumph to the end.

The Wilderness and Cold Harbor! Ah, my friends, comrades, countrymen, how soon will the world forget the holocausts of those fields—how the helpless were devoured amid the furies of the fiery storm—how Liberty shrieked: Spare us, God of Mercy! Spare us! We need no more such costly teaching.

The Hand of God Intervenes.

But, at last, a power, greater than man's power, stronger than bone and sinew and flesh and blood—a power mightier than vengeful hands struggling to tear Freedom's flag in twain—such a power intervened.

It was the power of Almighty God,
"He loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword;
His truth was marching on."

And then there rose up before the eyes of man the immortal words of Addison:

"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of
Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the
man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's
ruin?"

Their sword was defeated, their cause dethroned, while Liberty lived to spread her blessings over the earth.

But, O! "The vintage—the vintage"—as "the rock-ribbed ledges," stretching away from the mountains to the sea, all the while were dripping—dripping—"dripping with the horror of blood, and Echo there, whatever was asked her, answered: 'Death!'"

"Lest we forget"—"Lest we forget."

Amid the gloom there came a voice, plain, yet plaintive; sad, and yet so sweet—it arose from a million homes as the mantle of night hung low:

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer."

The Cost in Lives.

A half million patriot lives paid the price—they went down into "the valley of the shadow," paying in full the vicarious atonement.

A half million the flower of Ameri-

can manhood—suffered the full penalty of slavery's sin.

The Nation was bowed in grief, while Columbia, arrayed in sackcloth, repeated the words of him who wrote: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin. Death is swallowed up in victory."

The sting of slavery cost a million graves, while living millions were made to mourn.

But, thanks be to God, all the sorrows, all the sufferings and all the travail, were "swallowed up in victory"—a victory so complete, and yet, to the vanquished, so magnanimous, that the great world lifted her mighty voice in approval, while the conquerors laid their wreathed swords at the feet of a Nation they had saved, and beneath a flag purified of its blighting shame.

For those who died on battlefields and upon the seas, for those who perished in prisons, who sank down on the long and wearisome march to rise no more, for those who laid down their burdens in hospitals of pain, and for those who have since answered the final summons, we bow in prayerful meditation to-day.

The Grand Army of the Republic.

The hand on that dial which never turns back will soon point a half century since there came into existence a strong and steadfast organization—the Grand Army of the Republic; but, like all things of earth, its work must come to a close. Its deeds are almost done. Ere long its banners will be folded, dirges sung, and others will pronounce the benediction.

Will its ennobling influences endure beyond the measure of its days? The future—and the future alone—can tell. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Will another generation forget those great and heroic words?

Upon the wall of a dungeon at Delhi a shackled hand wrote:

"When war is rife and strife is nigh—
God and the soldier is all the cry,
When war is o'er and peace required
God and the soldier are always slighted."

The Need of Patriotism.

Are the deeds of Abraham Lincoln to endure? Not unless patriotism, such as he taught, endures.

You may post a million sentries around this tomb, protecting it from all harm; but, unless the oncoming generation respects the virtues of the deeds of him who slumbers here, then this monument will, at last, be consigned to a mournful immortality, passing away even as did the pyramids of

Egypt, the Parthenon and the Coliseum of Greece and Rome.

Battleships—the power of the deep—may plow the trackless seas, commanding the respect of the world; but unless patriotism permeates the heart and pulsates through the arteries of our body politic, then this nation will sink down into final decay.

Indifference, honest though it may be, is a poor staff to lean upon when danger lurks at the door.

No enemy from without need be feared; but from the watch towers the sentries might well be on guard for insidious workings within.

The mighty oak rears its majestic form, defying the floods and storms of centuries; and yet, when some insidious power deposits a germ of poison in its heart, disintegration begins, and it goes on until the monarch of the woods falls by its own weight to the earth whence it sprang.

Treasonable Utterances To-Day.

During the past year many prominent men have assailed the virtue of the deeds which saved this republic from the storms of war.

One of them—a leading pulpit orator—in the course of his speech, said:

"I hold that the responsibility for the civil war, with all the blood and treasure that it cost, and all the desolation and ruin that it wrought, justly rests on Abraham Lincoln and his advisors."

And again, in our capital city, before a large and vigorously applauding audience, a distinguished statesman said:

"I have well defined opinions as to the right of secession, and, at the risk of being thought treasonable, I do not hesitate to say that the truth of history was with the south, and that the north has yet to vindicate her course in the days of 1861."

Whether declarations like these, publicly expressed by responsible men, represent a solid school, we cannot say; but let us not belittle such teachings—let us not close our eyes to the dangers lurking below.

If, as the distinguished statesman said, "the north has yet to vindicate her course in the days of 1861," then an apology for that course is due to the south, and it must come from the sealed lips of him who slumbers in this tomb.

Only God Can Assail Lincoln's Deeds.

God, and God alone, has the right to assail the virtue of Abraham Lincoln's deeds. At Gettysburg, this noble, God-fearing, liberty-loving man said: "Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain;" and from all over the north, and along two thousand miles of battle lines there arose a mighty "Amen."

Four and forty years thereafter another assemblage stood upon the same spot where Mr. Lincoln spoke. The orator was of the "school" just referred to and he said: "Leave to the future historian the question as to who was right and who was wrong on this field."

Are not these teachings like the poison-germs planted in the heart of the giant oak? How long before the process of disintegration will begin?

And such seed is being sown broadcast into the minds of millions whose hands rock cradles.

There is an old axiom which says: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

A million minds working in unison toward one great and mighty purpose can mould the destiny of this republic.

The orators to whom I have referred are among the foremost teachers of a million whose hearts and hands are rearing the future rulers of this republic—rulers who will, after a little while, reach and stand upon pedestals of power.

Need of Teaching True Patriotism.

If this work, now well advanced, continues, (and it seems to be increasing with greater strength) and if true patriotism is not instilled into the receptive mind of the younger generations, then the time will surely come when a cloud will fall where now a halo gathers and glows around this tomb.

The very life of this republic rests upon the virtue of Abraham Lincoln's deeds. His works are as the foundation rock upon which this structure of American liberty stands.

If patriotism sleeps, or stands idly by, while that rock is being assailed, then another age will hear the crumbling of foundations—another age will cry out in anguish even as did the Prophets to Apostate Israel: "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn!"

To you—men and women of America—to you I appeal. Go forth and teach true American patriotism—the patriotism of Washington and the Fathers—the patriotism of Lincoln, of Grant, of Thomas and of the legions who fought that liberty might live and that Old Glory might remain in the sky.

With uplifted voices condemn these insidious teachings that would cloud the glory of Abraham Lincoln's deeds. Crush out this incipient, this acknowledged and boasted treason ere it springs forth to parade itself, flaunting its flag over the earth.

These are the lessons for which I plead.

As we go to our respective homes let us resolve anew that those who suffered

and those who made the sacrifice shall not have suffered and sacrificed in vain.

Tribute to the Union Dead.

And of those who perished, and of those who have gone hence, let us, out of full hearts, continue to sing our anthems to their undying praise:

Go to their graves, O, Columbia fair—
Go to their graves and scatter there—
Sweet flow'rets of a thousand hues—
Flow'rets that bloom in the matin dews;
Scatter them—scatter them deep—
Scatter them o'er where heroes sleep.

Go forth where the far-flung prairies lie—
Where, 'neath the blue of a bending sky,
Bright roses beam, and beckon and say:
Take of our bounties this beautiful day;
Scatter them—scatter them deep—
Scatter them o'er where heroes sleep.

Go to the hills where the laurel grows—
Where soft winds sigh—where the
tempest blows,
Gather the choicest gifts of God
That spring from the rich and rugged
soil;
Scatter them—scatter them deep—
Scatter them o'er where heroes sleep.

Go to the tomb where the chieftain lies,
Where, carved in rock, of heroic days
A story is told—of victories won—
Honors achieved—of duties well done.

Then softly approach that spot pressed
down,
Where the stone lies low, the name
"Unknown"—
"Unknown"—unknown in the sight of
God?
He knoweth who sleeps beneath the sod.

'Twas a mother's boy—a brave, loving
lad,
Who knew no glory save his nation's
good;
Earth's bosom holds him in sacred
embrace,
Nor time, nor storms, shall his glory
efface.

Entwine 'round the tomb and the lowly
grave
Blossoms of beauty for the true and
brave;
Scatter them—scatter them deep—
Scatter them o'er where heroes sleep.

In closing let us look forward with that hope which, as it has been said, "springs eternal in the human breast."

A third of a century hence, when the last lingering survivor shall have crossed to the other side, if Gratitude speaks, she will say:

All honor to our Nation's soldier dead.

A half century hence, when the wealth and influence of this Republic shall have climbed higher and still higher, if Truth speaks, she will say:

This never could have been
Had not an Abraham Lincoln stood
Firm as a rock while the battles raged—
While the blood of patriots
Poured out like falling rain.

A century hence, when the deathless deeds of our Nation's defenders shall be fully recognized—when the glory of this government shall have reached its highest tide—then, if Integrity speaks, she will say:

This heritage was secured
Through atoning blood
Where freedom's pennon flew—
Where bayonets flashed—
Where batteries roared—
Where the earth's torn bosom,
Crimsoned in martyr's blood,
Closed over the silent forms
Of Liberty's dead.

A thousand years hence, when a higher civilization shall have come—when God's hand shall have been made even more manifest, guiding this, his chosen people—may we not believe that a Nation-wide Patriotism will then speak and say:

Had it not been
For the heroism of those who wore the
blue
In that great struggle between right and
wrong—
Had they not rallied and stood
As walls of living fire
Around the Stars and Stripes—
Then, in those mighty days,
Sovereign law would have been blotted
out,
And constitutional liberty would have
perished
And faded away like a dream of things
that were—
Like a dream lost in the vortex of time
forever.

Lincoln's Name Immortal.

As long as nations live and republics endure, true patriotism will pay homage at this tomb.

Abraham Lincoln! "Immortal name,
That fairest stands among the sons of
fame."

The storms of centuries may sweep and surge around this memorial—this altar of patriotic love; the ravages of time may successfully assail these towering facades; but the virtue of his deeds will endure as long as beacon fires burn, making bright the portals of this Republic redeemed in martyrs' blood and dedicated to better days.

These figures, typifying service and sacrifice; these statues, representing heroism and patriotism—all these may perish and fall; but, so long as pulses throb to unselfish deeds—so long as the incense of truth burns on loyal hearth-stones, the record of those who rallied at Abraham Lincoln's call—who defied the furies of rebellion—who saluted death in the name of Liberty and Humanity—their record will endure, ever growing brighter and brighter, even as a lifted constellation in the heaven of man's noblest memory, making clear the path up which all peoples of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.

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